

THE GLACIER



E. W. W. E. S.

FOUNDER'S DAY ISSUE, JUNE, 1928



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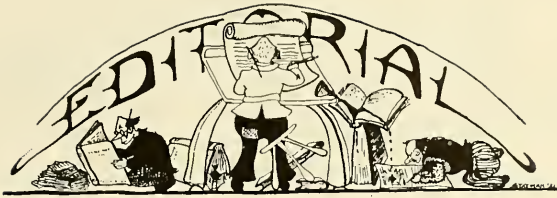
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MEMBERS OF THE BOARD AND FRIENDS OF THE SCHOOL



HARRY E. ROGIN, '29

Editor-in-Chief

As I See It

TODAY marks the first year of Dean Goodling's administration and on looking back we point with pride to the many improvements made.

The agricultural department auctioned off implements, old cattle, and horses and was supplemented with the latest types of farm machinery and new stock. A much larger acreage has been devoted to salable crops than in previous years, and two new tractors have been added to help this work along.

We have also seen many other changes on the campus such as the new demerit system, which certainly is an improvement. Reporting to the "armory" may be a bit uncomfortable to many but it is giving very satisfactory results.

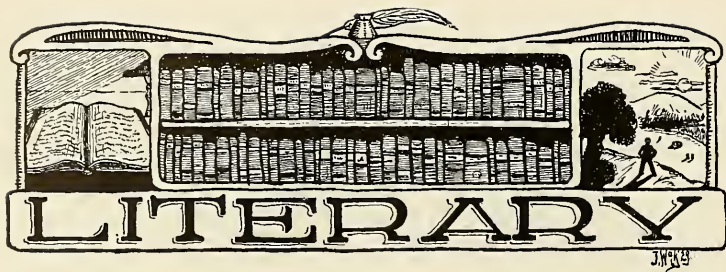
Here we see more improvements than in the past five years and certainly Dean Goodling is to be complimented for his support.

* * * * *

Year after year the same article appears: "help beautify the campus". But now instead of the "keep off the grass" slogan, the first rule should be a decent student body appearance to visitors. Complete dress instead of the usual halfway attire on week-ends and a cheerful disposition when showing visitors around the campus will leave a good impression. Above all, through self-respect, leave all field language in the field until Monday.

* * * * *

It is pleasing to note that Farm School is getting back the local popularity that was lax the last few years. Veterinary societies and farm organizations have made this place their center, and State College has chosen Farm School for their test grounds in experimenting with the value of different grasses. Now that local men attend our chapels, banquets and athletic contests, we are convinced that there is once more a community aid.



Twenty-five Years of Service

IT HAS been customary in the past years to honor the memory of the Founder of the National Farm School. With due respect to Dr. Krauskopf the GLEANER, in behalf of the Student Body, would like to offer congratulations to three persons in particular who, for twenty-five years, have given unstintedly their attention and resources toward the fulfillment of the vision of the great teacher.

Mr. Allman, Mr. Hirsh, and Mr. Silverman, have stuck by us in discouragement and stress, and rejoiced with us in victory and success. When the Student Body expanded, they helped expand the school acreage. When Pioneer Hall burnt, from the ashes they built more buildings. These men have been the bulwark on which the cooperation of other great benefactors has depended.

We know of no greater way of expressing our appreciation of their efforts than by proudly showing them the school as it is today; and as they have so unselfishly helped make it.

H. W., '29.

A Vision—and a Man

A vision	He blazed	A dream
And a Man;	The trail,	To fulfill
A pioneer	And strove	'Twas a fight
Said, "I can."	To entail	Uphill;
A desire	A gift	His life—
To lead;	To humanity,—	'Tis gone.
A thought	Farm School	But his spirit
Then a deed	A reality.	Goes on.

H. W., '29.

Shuffling Feet

J. MOSER, '30

IN THE spring of that year, James Ware found himself out of work.

For years he had been employed at his trade, that of a tinsmith, and when the little shop in which he was working closed its doors, he received the bitter intelligence that his services would no longer be required. For months he looked for a job, work of any kind, but jobs were scarce in Philadelphia, as in other sections of the country. A wave of unemployment had swept over the country, leaving in its wake thousands of unemployed.

Ware's search for work was fruitless. He lost hope and plumbed the depths of despair.

One morning he awoke and looked out of his window, the sun was shining and a cool breeze swept his room. As he drew deep breaths of fresh air, a thought came to him, why not leave the city and try his luck in the country?

By the time the sun had begun its downward course in the west, Ware had covered many miles of dusty country road. He had applied at many farms for work, but his physical appearance was against him. A little below medium height, his body was lean and showed evidence of abstinence from food. On his face he bore the pallor common to city men. All in all he didn't make a favorable impression on the farmers, who wanted men with vigorous bodies and possessing some experience.

Night found him tired and disheartened with a hungry, aching void in his stomach. On passing a little grove he caught the gleam of a fire, and an appetizing odor of steak and onions was wafted to his nostrils. Driven desperate by his hunger

he approached the fire. There in its light he perceived a small stout individual, squatting on his hams and concentrating his attention on turning a piece of steak over a fire. Suspended over the flame was a tin can containing a simmering concoction. The crackling of the dead underbrush startled the outdoor chef, who sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Who's there?" A small revolver gleamed in his hand.

"Please mister, won't you let me have something to eat? I haven't had anything for a long time," said Jim.

After being carefully scrutinized by "Weary Willie", he was welcomed. "All right bo, plank yourself down near the fire. I thought you might be a bull. You do look pretty tired and holler as a drum."

During the course of the meal there sprang up an intimacy between them. "So you're looking for work; well, some queer things do happen. Whaddye want to work for, you never ketch me working very often. What for should I work? When out here you can find plenty of grub on the hoof, and all kinds of wedgetables growing all for the takin'. Why beats me to think you hev bin lookin' fer work for months." For a long while as they lay near the fire, this knight of the road sketched a word picture to Jim of the troubles and delights of the carefree wanderer's life.

The next morning as they ate breakfast, Bill said, "Whad dye say, Jim, if you throw in with me. I've taken a kinder liking to you and I know we'll get along fust rate."

"All right," said Jim, "it suits me; seems as if the world is bent on giving me

a vacation. I can't be any worse off than I am now." All summer long they were on the go. Riding the blind baggage, or underneath on the rods, and quite often hoofing it. Bill was a very adept teacher, and under his tutelage Jim became familiar with all the dodges of the game. The roving life seemed to hold a sort of weird fascination for Jim.

One morning they awoke in a barn a few miles north of Richford, Connecticut. "Brrr, it's gettin' cold, we'll soon hev to go South with the boidies." "Second the motion, when do we start?" inquired Jim. "The sooner the better." It didn't take them long to put their plan into action. By noon they were speeding south in their private box car.

For the first few months the novelty of the nomad life appealed to him, but its futility and bootless aim soon began to pall on him. Day by day as they sped south to the warmer clime Jim waged a silent battle with himself whether or not he should quit the wanderer's life.

As the South-bound freight train rattled into Baline, Georgia, two dusty figures alighted and headed for the country. Jim's sullen moodiness attracted Bill's attention all during the trip and when they were well out in the country he inquired, "What's the matter, Jim, you look sorer'n thunder, what's eatin' yer?"

For a long while they walked in silence, their shuffling feet raising light clouds of dust. Then Jim, turning to Bill and placing his hand kindly on his shoulder, said, "Bill, old pal, for months we've traveled together and I've liked it. But I've figgered it out: it doesn't pay, there's no future in it, and you never get anywhere in this world by being a rolling stone. I've decided that I'm going to quit this life."

"Aw Jim, you ain't goin' ter leave your Bill, are you?"

"I sure am." After futile arguing, they

came to a crossroads. "Come along and we'll try and get a job together," said Jim. "Nope, I could never get used to workin' steady," answered Bill, shaking his head sadly.

So they parted with a warm handshake. A tear coursed down Bill's dirty cheek. "Good-bye old pal," he said, "I'll never hitch up with a buddy like you again."

"I wish you lots of luck, Bill, but gee I wish you were throwing in with me," was Jim's parting words to Bill.

For several days Jim could not muster up enough courage, to make a start on the road to respectability. The months of his roving life, during which he had shunned the haunts of men had left their impress on him, and it took quite a struggle on his part to make the step. But at length his craving for the companionship of man, and desire to become respectable, led him to seek for work. He inquired for work at many farms, but his ragged and unkempt appearance caused the farmers to look upon him with scorn and brought curt negative replies. On one occasion a farmer loosed his dog on Jim, an event that didn't tend to improve his clothes or aid his flagging spirit.

The following day he continued his search for work, but his efforts were unsuccessful. By noon, tired and disheartened, he sought protection from the sun under the shelter of a tree and soon dozed off to sleep.

Business had been bad for the constable of R— during the past week; he hadn't made one arrest, which peeved him greatly. The new jail of recent erection hadn't received a single inmate. The Constable was known for his relentless hatred for vagrants, and the brethren of the shuffling feet steered clear of his locality. After having combed the village thoroughly in his sleuthing expedition,

(Continued on page 17)

Upon Approaching a Certain Kind of Cat

WILLIAM V. GOODSTEIN, '29

IT MAY seem very strange to some people that a trapping enthusiast would cast aspersions upon any fur-bearing animal worth the taking. But it must be done; I cannot sit back and watch so many sturdy young men go forth to their doom! For a victory won over the particular animal I have in mind is always fraught with a great deal of danger. The danger lies in being sprayed with an obnoxious, pungent fluid whose presence upon one's apparel may easily be detected by its odor, which anyone can smell, may his olfactory nerves be almost as dead as a Farm School student's hearing (when the call-boy comes around).

I suppose by this time most of you have divined the name of the cute little creature I have in mind. It is no other than the most illustrious and noble pole-cat, otherwise known as the common or ordinary skunk. The little darling's method of defense is simply marvelous, wonderful both in its suddenness and effectiveness. The accuracy and ability of the dear thing to use this defense, is simply astounding. Considering this it behooves the young heroes (otherwise known as trappers) to

take all necessary steps of precaution and run no risks. The main risk is run not in the luring or trapping of the skunk but in removing it from the merciless jaws of the trap. Upon approaching the trapped animal it is urgent that one avoid all unnecessary noise, and observe carefully the animal's tail, which is the barometer. Should the tail be suddenly elevated into the air a hasty retreat is called, for you never can tell what pranks the "cunning thing" is up to. If one is not observed the next step is to give it a sharp rap over the spine, not a gentle one mind you, for at this time one is within firing distance and, as I have said before, the skunk is accurate. If you miss completely, or are noticed you might as well think of changing your clothes, for the end is inevitable. The animal suddenly elevates his tail, stiffens it, glares upon you and expectorates (one might say, since the action is similar though coming from the other end) in your direction. The outcome is only too obvious.

So you see, my hearties, discretion is the better part of valor, and a wary boy most successfully eludes the grave dangers encountered in this pastime.

A Hope

When scarlet maples flame against the hill,
Black pines cast shadows on the blue sky's face,
And brooks run deeper, though their laughter still
Makes pleasant music in a quiet place;

When over all there is the hush of death,
And skeletons of flowers everywhere,

And on the wind there is the heavy breath
Of sleep that steals away all care,

It's then I hope that Death will draw
quite near,

Whistling a lilting tune that I shall
know.

In the brave autumn of a dying year
It would be easier then to have to go.

VICTOR, '29

Spring

VICTOR, '29

Spring diffidently visits the busy haunts of men.	The dogwood is in bloom. Near at hand its smile is bright.
But 'tis only in the country that the world is born again.	On the hill 'tis snow in patches (so it seems), a startling white
In criss-crossed city squares the Spring a hint of beauty yields,	Framed in purple, for the mountain ash now wears her royal cloak,
But knows a joyous bounty in the forests and the fields.	While courtiers are singing praise, a host of feathered folk.
In the city, city manners mark the little gifts she gives;	And spring laughs at the relics of a season lately dead:
But the country's happy largess proves 'tis home: 'tis where she lives.	The pine tree's Christmas candles and the holly berries red
'Tis official information, for I got it, do ye see	For her friends are fresher, younger— and the information is free
From a catbird singing on a dogwood tree.	From a catbird singing on a dogwood tree.

Wild strawberries are flowering, though
the daffodils are gone.
The laurel leaves give promise of a glory
later on;
The bob-white rustles at my feet, occa-
sioning a surprise;
And flowers I know no names for still
delight my wondering eyes;
And trees I have no names for; and birds
I can't recall—
Ay, to me, they're almost strangers, but I
love them one and all
And they don't object to humans who are
kind, 'twas told to me
By a catbird singing on a dogwood tree.



Beauty and Art

W. V. G., '29

THE love and appreciation of beauty is inherent in man. In some it may be developed to a higher degree than others, yet all possess that indefinable, highly sensitive chord which responds and vibrates to the call of the beautiful. The recognition of beauty is not the result of education, it is a product of the soul, an offspring not of the intellect but of the emotions. It is innate, inborn, a something which cannot be described, nor touched, nor even explained, yet a force which exists beyond the shadow of a doubt.

A girl of the slums, one whose withered, shrivelled life has been rooted under the shadows of tenement houses, and whose quest for sunlight has been fruitless and unsuccessful, sees a beautiful sight and rapturously exclaims, "Aw, gee, ain't it grand!" She may not be able to express herself in grandiloquent terms; her words are slangy, and her grammar bad, nevertheless the emotion, the feeling and appreciation are there. Her beauty-starved soul has never seen its like before. She does not know what to make of it, yet instinctively she understands that something beautiful, something which thrills her very being, has been revealed to her.

It is the expression of this beauty that may be defined as Art. The girl of the slums may never be an artist. She can see and appreciate beauty, but she cannot convey her enthusiasm to others. Art, therefore, is not merely the portrayal of beauty, it is also the expression of the artist's attitude toward beauty. It is his conception of what he sees.

The attempt to express beauty has been

one of man's chief endeavors. Prehistoric man scratched lines on rocks. In our opinion they are only crude marks, but to the savage they were the highest form of Art, the highest representation of beauty.

As time passed and man's method of representing beauty approached nearer to ours, his efforts became more intelligible. We were able to distinguish by works of art the trend of thought at different periods. The architect was an artist. He did not daub colors on a canvas, nor did he mould the busts of the monarchs in granite; his brushes were scaffolds and trowels; his paints, blocks of marble and stone; his vision, God. He created massive buildings, monuments to religion, at the sight of which greatness is humbled, merely to embody his conception of Him. The many cathedrals and monasteries constructed by the master hand of the world's greatest architects give us an insight into the ideas of Mediaeval Man. The Parthenon, one of the most beautiful of buildings, will continue to impart and embody the idealism that was Greece when all other vestiges of Greece's existence are gone. In short, the memory of nations will not be perpetuated by their conquests. Their victories and their triumphs will be empty, meaningless battles to future generations. Long after their pomp and glory have vanished and their wealth been trampled into the dust, ages after their armies have exultantly ravaged and plundered the peoples of the world and murderously swept over the universe, their works of Art will be unearthed, and through them they shall live.



PHILIP WEBER, '29

IN A good many of our exchanges I have noticed that the literary department is usually short and sorely in need of a few stories. Upon seeking an explanation for this deficiency I find that the main reason why young men and women are backward in giving issue to their literary talents, is that they cannot get away from the thought that ordinary happenings are not interesting.

If those persons after reading a few stories, questioned themselves as to which stories they found more interesting, their individual decisions would invariably be in favor of those stories true to life. Some of our best (exchange) literary departments contain stories that are based merely upon ordinary experiences coupled with a tinge of exaggeration, and I find that people enjoy them all the more if the stories are true to life and its happenings. Most interesting stories are founded upon commonplace ideas and the author's methods of producing them in print. A large majority of our would-be excellent entertainers deprive us of their literary abilities simply because they persist in thinking that a Bacon's thought and a Dante's imagination is necessary in order to write an interesting story.

P. W., '29.

The High School Record, Camden High,
N. J.

Your school notes and editorials are very interesting. Your humor department, although short, is irresistible.

The Red and White, Rochester High,
Rochester, N. H.

Your literary and poetry departments are excellent. Your poets have apt imaginations. I would suggest that you enlarge both your news and athletic

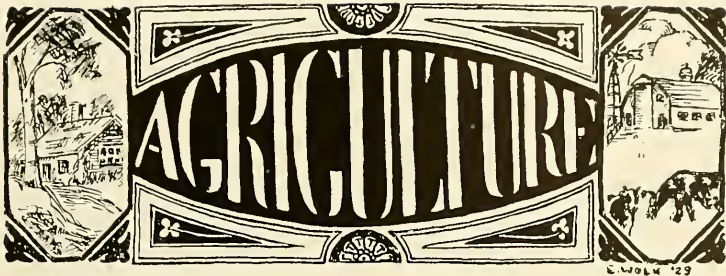
departments. You have a praiseworthy exchange column.

The Michaelin, St. Michaels High, Union
City, N. J.

Welcome to our exchange list. I enjoyed your literary department. Why not have some pictures, cuts and editorials?

The Student, Freeport High, Freeport,
N. Y.

(Continued on page 27)



STANLEY FIDELGOLTZ, '29

Progress

THE progress of civilization is measured by improvements in education and conditions of living. In a similar way are the expansions of educational institutions measured.

Accordingly, Farm School is progressing to the peak slowly but surely. There is an immense difference between the Farm School of today and thirty years back. The few acres have grown to be twelve hundred. The student enrollment has increased twenty-fold. Above all, the facilities of teaching and the necessary implements and apparatus have expanded so as to be adequate in keeping with the times.

The Agricultural Farm School—the dream of Dr. Krauskopf—is bearing fruit in the form of young men equipped with the essentials of scientific farming. Men of means, unselfish, and having implicit faith in the Doctor's ideas, have taken up the lines where our beloved Founder was compelled to lay them down when called to another world.

The success of the school depends on more improved implements, research apparatus, sufficient livestock, and a good faculty. All these essentials have been provided for us. New ideas of farming, new implements, cattle and many other improvements are always being added so that we may be up with the times in the latest methods of agriculture.

Surely the Farm School has expanded in the past thirty years and will continue to do so for years to come.

S. F., '29.



The New Experiments

SAMUEL KOGON, '30.

SIX acres of land at our School will be devoted to two valuable experiments.

These are the first "field pot" experiments to be located in Southeastern Pennsylvania. The experiments are being co-operatively carried out by the National Farm School and Pennsylvania State College. The two leaders of the project are Prof. J. W. White, Professor of Soil Technology at the Pennsylvania State College, and Dean C. L. Goodling of the National Farm School. Professor White has conducted similar experiments in other parts of the State. It is hoped that, as a result of these experiments, we will be able to raise our soil to a higher plane of productivity.

Experiment No. 1 at the Home Farm will be carried out on Allman field. This experiment includes 75 1-20 acre plots arranged in three tiers of 25 plots each. After the experiment is established the rotation will consist of Corn, Wheat and Hay, each tier having the rotation in successive years of corn, wheat and hay.

This Spring, Tier No. 1 will be fertilized and after seeded to corn, Tier No. 2 will be seeded to corn without any fertilizer treatment, and in 1929 Tier No. 3 will be seeded to corn, also without fertilizer treatment. This spring No. 3 will not be seeded to anything. This Fall, following the harvest of corn, Tier No. 1 will be seeded with wheat, and hereafter the same order will follow. The plots are treated with various combinations and amounts of commercial fertilizer and manure.

As soon as all plots are seeded, labels will be placed on each plot explaining the nature and amount of fertilizer treatment.

The purpose of this experiment is to

determine the most economical fertilizer system of producing crops on Penn and Landsdale Soil.

Experiment No. 2 will be carried out on Hirsh field at Farm No. 1. This will be a permanent pasture experiment, which will consist of 36 1-20 acre plots divided into 2 tiers of 18 plots each.

Tier No. 1 will be seeded to a mixture of grasses and legumes including Red and Alsike Clovers, Timothy, Kentucky Blue Grass, Red Top and Orchard Grass. Tier No. 2 will be seeded with Kentucky Blue Grass only. Each tier will be fertilized in the same way. The manner of applying fertilizer will be similar to the method used in Experiment No. 1.

The grass will be cut twice each year; careful notes and accurate records will be kept throughout the experiment. This will enable us to determine the most economical fertilizer treatment for building up and maintaining permanent pastures. Both fields are located on Landsdale Silt Loam Soils, which is typical of Bucks County. The Penn. soil is also found in this section and is closely associated with the Landsdale. The two soils differ only in color; the Penn. soil is reddish-brown to Indian red; Landsdale soil is light brown.

These two soils represent approximately 900,000 acres of land in Southeastern Pennsylvania, mostly in Bucks and Montgomery counties.

The act of establishing an Experiment Station is perhaps the greatest step in the history of progress of our school. It brings new atmosphere, creates better friendship with the farmers of this section and arouses interest in the work that is carried on.

WITH THE FARMS

GENERAL AGRICULTURE

Two new teams and 2 single horses were added to the Home Barn's stables. A new registered Berkshire Boar has been placed in the hog house. Three acres of land are being used for a fertilizer experiment. During the cold snaps the Home Barn crew built a bridge over the creek in the dairy pasture.

NO. 1

The ten milking cows are producing 170 quarts of milk per day. Within two months 3 cows freshened, 2 giving heifers and one a bull. The heifers were removed to the Dairy Barns and the bull sold. The Guernsey test cow shows promise of fulfilling her requirements. Three acres of land are being devoted to a fertilizer experiment plot. The remainder of the land will be given over to corn and potatoes. Last year's 5-acre corn field was converted into a plum orchard by the Horticulture Department.

At No. 3 the oats have been drilled in and the preparation of the corn and potato field is advancing rapidly.

At No. 7 manure was spread on the hay field and partly plowed under ground.

At No. 6 one corn field was divided in half to be used as a fertilizer experiment. The 3-acre hay field is being used for a mangel patch to supplement the silage at the Dairy. Manure has been applied to all corn fields.

At No. 8 all land is being prepared for corn.

At No. 4 and No. 5 the oats have been drilled and a fine seed bed prepared for the corn seed.

DAIRY

At present there are nearly 100 head of cattle. Twenty-three heifers, six dry cows and 52 milking cows compose the

older stock. Twenty-three of the higher producing cows are on three-time milking, supplying approximately 450 of the 700 quarts of milk produced daily. Five Guernseys were in test, one of them having finished up with a single letter record. The silage is almost gone, which will necessitate a greater allowance of hay, or substituting beet pulp.

HORTICULTURE

The acreage in vegetables has been increased due to removing $1\frac{1}{4}$ acres peach orchard. Bush beans and pole beans were planted on this plot. This is the first time pole beans have been planted in Farm School.

Many new raspberry and grape plants were added, being intercropped with vegetables. One acre of premier strawberries were set out and will come into bearing next year. Tomatoes have been set out by the stake method.

The frost has done no harm to our fruit and a bumper crop of peaches and apples (Stamens and Grimes Golden) is expected.

POULTRY

With 1400 birds in the big house egg production was 65 per cent up to May. The chicken yards have been plowed under to control worm infestations. The brooder is accommodating 4500 chicks, 4200 being White Leghorns, the remainder Barred Plymouth Rocks. The White Leghorn stock is composed of Leaders 1000, Penna. State 850, Wests 750 and N. F. S. strain 1750; 10,000 chicks were incubated of which 7000 were sold.

Mr. Mayer—"Did the dentist treat you this morning?"

Mr. Fleming—"No! he charged me three bucks!"

Vegetables Under Glass

M. MILLER, '29

THE commercial production of tomatoes, lettuce, and cucumbers in greenhouses in the U. S. is a development of the past fifty years. Previous to 1900 little attention was paid to the forcing of these crops in glass houses. The present importance is a tribute to the excellence of the product and the success of vegetable greenhouse men in working out practical methods for production.

According to the 1919 census the value of the vegetable crops grown in greenhouses totaled some sixteen millions of dollars. Greenhouse ranges devoted to vegetable forcing are to be found throughout the states where the industry has attained its greatest importance, *i. e.*, Rochester, N. Y., Boston, Mass.

A forcing house for vegetables must be suitable for the exacting requirements of the crop. It must be of such construction that the least possible interference is offered to the entrance of light. It must be fitted with a ventilating system that permits the changing of air without drafts, and it must have a heating system of maintaining a sufficiently high and uniform temperature. All parts of the structure must be easily accessible, not only for easy operation, but for the thorough control of the many diseases that beset the vegetable crop under glass.

The following rotation is followed very closely by many large growers in the important forcing sections of the country: Tomato seed is sown July 1-15 and plants set in the houses August 15-30. The vines are removed December 15-30. Lettuce seed is sown from November 15-30. Plants are set in the houses December 15-30. The crop is harvested

March 15-31. Cucumber seed is sown February 1-15. Plants are set in houses April 1-15. Vines are removed July 1-15.

Vegetables grown in greenhouses near the markets can be ripened on the plants and put in the consumers' hands within a few hours of the time they are picked. The quality of the greenhouse tomato is far superior to that of the outdoor grown crop competing with it, which is usually picked green and shipped long distances before reaching the market. Crisp tender lettuce as produced in the greenhouse is a high-class product and the demand for fresh cucumbers is very great and can be very satisfactorily answered by the greenhouse product.

Successful production in greenhouses requires the use of suitable buildings with adequate heating and other equipment. Good seed of suitable varieties, fertile, well adapted soil, and painstaking care in growing the plants and handling the crop. The greenhouse operator who can provide the high grade equipment necessary and give the crops the care they demand, can secure satisfactory financial returns.

The prospects of this growing industry are very bright. As long as a well grown high quality crop is packed in an attractive manner, in containers of suitable size, and placed in the hands of the consumers in the shortest practical time, this industry is assured a continued growth.

"Where do little boys go who swim on Sundays?" asked the Sunday School teacher of her class?

"Well," said Johnny, "on the side of the lake that's got a lot of trees. But you can't go—girls ain't allowed."

UP WITH THE TIMES

IN THE form of a donation the school has been the recipient of the following farm implements: Six box wagons, one manure spreader, three culti-packers, five two-row, two-horse cultivators, one single cylinder hay loader, one side delivery rake, one two-row corn planter, one Hoover potato planter, and 10 Oliver plows. Besides, the Farm Machinery department has been entrusted with a 15-27 H. P. John Deere tractor with a power take-off for corn husking, grain binding, etc. Most of the implements are of one make and will help to install a standard of farm operation which is highly desirable. These new implements enable the school to keep up with the times in the newest ways of farming.

* * *

In accordance with advice from experiment stations our Poultry Department has adopted a system of overcoming the menace of a contaminated soil. Each brooder house will have a small portable sun porch made of concrete blocks and fastened by cement. These porches will be fly screened and face the south. This layout will keep the young chick off the ground and lessen danger of contamination from contact with the soil, and eliminate the possibilities of a roundworm infection in the flock.

* * *

The Horticulture Department has acquired the use of a new "Cletrac", which is considered the ideal tractor for orchard work. S. F. '29

Ray—"Why do they call us 'mutts'?"
 Trupp—"I guess it's because of the food we get."

Butch—"Why do you want to sell your knife?"

Scotch—"I lost the pencil I borrowed last year so I have no use for it."

SHUFFLING FEET

(Continued from page 8)

he extended his search beyond the outskirts of the village. Soon his search was rewarded, for as the saying goes, "He who looks for trouble always finds it." However, in this case it was our old friend Jim who was found.

On spying Jim, the Constable rubbed his hands, and in his mind said, "Ah, another bum." Tapping Jim on the soles of his shoes, he shouted, "Hey, you, git up out of there." Jim awoke with a start and found himself looking into the leering face of the constable. "Say you, what be you doin' here?"

"Why, I'm looking for work."

"Hm, lookin' fer work, 'pears to me you ain't strainin' yerself. Come with me, I'll give you plenty of work," accompanying his words by slipping a pair of handcuffs on Jim's wrists.

Arriving at the town, the Constable strutted down Main Street proudly, the eyes of the village focused on him and his prisoner. For the next sixty days Jim was a tenant of R—— jail, working at odd jobs around the place. On being released he headed for the country. His appearance now was more respectable, and the farmers treated him more decently. At this time of the year the busy season was on for the Southern farmers who were preparing their crops for northern markets, and before long Jim landed a job on a large Market Garden. He was elated at his success in finding work, and applied himself willingly to his tasks in his endeavour to make good.

Several months later it would have been difficult to recognize him, for he had filled out, his shoulders had a square set to them and his cheeks were rosy with the flush of good health. His lithe step and easy manner denoted his self-confident nature. On his face was written the joy and contentment he had found.



SPORTS



JOSEPH KOVARIK, '29

Editorial

THE growth and expansion of Farm School has not only taken place in the number of students enrolled and in the number of acres cultivated, but also in the line of Athletics. From the time when the school was represented by one or two teams supported by popular subscription, athletics have developed till now we have powerful, well-equipped teams sponsored by the Athletic Association.

Within the last few years, Farm School teams have earned for themselves many enviable records. This is probably due in a large part to Coach Samuels, for it was under his leadership and coaching that such wonderful teams and such a powerful Athletic Association were developed. His familiar war-cry will live long in the minds of those who played on his teams:

"Fighting hearts! We won't be licked."

J. K., '29.

Baseball Season

BROWN PREP

On April 18th, Farm School opened its season against Brown Prep and decisively defeated them by the score of 8-3. Although we were out-hit, 8 hits to 4, we made good use of Brown Prep's errors and wildness. Oliver, of Brown Prep, walked 12 men. Both Hoguet and Oliver struck out 9 men.

FARM SCHOOL	AB	R	H	PO	E
Kellerman, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0
Hock, rf.....	3	0	0	0	0
Wolk, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0
Stuhlman, 2b.....	3	0	1	0	2
Kleinman, cf.....	3	0	0	1	0
Broadbent, lb.....	2	1	0	9	0
Hoguet, p.....	1	2	1	0	3
Weshner, 3b.....	2	2	0	2	1
Jung, c.....	2	1	2	10	1
Brooks, ss.....	2	1	0	2	2
Rosenzweig, lf.....	3	1	0	0	0
Totals.....	23	8	4	24	9

BROWN PREP	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Strateon, 2b.....	4	1	2	1	1	0
Salkenev.....	4	1	1	1	0	0
Young, cf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Cosgrave, c.....	3	0	0	9	1	1
Mooney, lb.....	4	0	1	6	0	1
Littlefield, ss.....	3	1	0	0	2	0
Helmis, rf.....	3	0	3	1	0	0
Gerdes, lf.....	2	0	0	2	0	1
Gallagher, lf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Oliver, p.....	3	0	1	0	2	0
Totals.....	31	3	8	21	6	3
BROWN PREP.....	0	0	0	0	1	1-3
FARM SCHOOL.....	0	2	3	0	0	3 x-8

LANSDALE

The following Friday we journeyed to Lansdale to receive a severe trouncing. When the smoke of battle was cleared the score was 16-1. Our own lack of hitting, poor support for the pitcher, and poor umpiring contributed much to our defeat by a team much our inferior.

N. F. S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kellerman, rf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Wolk, rf.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Campbell, p.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Stuhlman, 2b.....	3	0	0	3	5	0
Kleinman, cf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Broadbent, 1b.....	4	0	0	8	0	0
Hoguet, p, rf.....	3	0	2	1	1	0
Weshner, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	2	2
Jung, c.....	3	0	0	9	1	0
Brooks, ss.....	2	0	0	3	3	3
Rosenzweig, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	1
Hock, rf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	28	1	2	24	12	6

LANSDALE	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
B. Schultze, ss.....	5	3	3	2	0	1
Smith, 1b.....	5	3	3	1	0	0
Humnaell, 3b.....	5	3	5	1	0	0
F. Schultze, c.....	4	1	1	19	3	0
Leach, p.....	5	1	1	0	0	0
Triki, 2b.....	4	1	2	3	0	0
Bender, lf.....	5	0	0	0	0	0
Roelofs, rf.....	5	2	1	0	0	0
Hamilton, cf.....	4	2	2	1	0	0
Totals.....	42	16	18	27	3	1

N. F. S.....	0	0	0	0	0	0	1—1
LANSDALE.....	1	0	4	3	1	0	5 2 x—16

CENTRAL EVENING HIGH SCHOOL

Saturday, April 21st, we had as our guests Central Evening High School, and in a 5-inning game played in a veritable cloudburst, "Cap" Stuhlman's warriors proved the unkind host and beat them 6-4.

N. F. S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kleinman, cf.....	1	1	0	1	0	0
Brooks, ss.....	2	2	2	0	3	3
Stuhlman, 2b.....	1	0	0	2	1	2
Hoguet, p.....	2	1	1	0	1	0
Broadbent, 1b.....	2	0	1	4	0	0
Weshner, 3b.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
Jung, c.....	0	0	0	7	0	0
Hock, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Wolk, rf.....	0	1	0	0	0	0
Rosenzweig, lf.....	2	1	1	1	0	0
Totals.....	14	6	5	15	5	5

CENTRAL EVENING	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Geiger, lf.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Levengood, ss.....	3	0	0	0	1	0
Kirk, 2b.....	3	1	2	1	0	0
Greenberg, cf.....	3	1	1	0	0	0
Master, 1b.....	3	1	1	3	0	0
Miller, 3b.....	3	0	1	0	0	0
Brown, c.....	3	1	1	6	0	1
Wright, rf.....	2	0	0	0	0	0
Levine, p.....	2	0	1	0	2	0
Totals.....	25	4	7	12	3	1

C. E. H. S..... 0 0 4 0 0—4

N. F. S..... 0 0 3 3 x—6

DOYLESTOWN HIGH SCHOOL

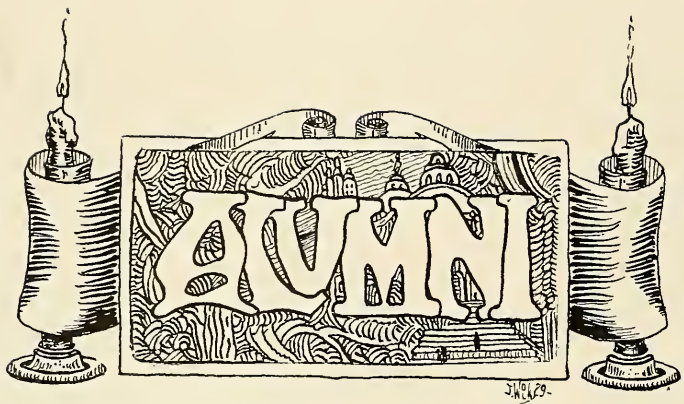
Our near-by neighbor, Doylestown High School, paid us a visit on April 26th, and after giving us a bad scare for some time, went home on the short end of a 7-5 score.

N. F. S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Kleinman, cf.....	1	1	0	0	0	0
Brooks, ss.....	3	1	1	3	2	0
Stuhlman, 2b.....	1	1	0	0	1	1
Hoguet, p.....	3	1	1	1	1	1
Broadbent, 1b.....	3	1	2	8	0	0
Weshner, 3b.....	2	0	0	0	1	1
Jung, c.....	2	0	0	12	0	0
Hock, rf.....	2	1	1	0	0	0
Rosenzweig, lf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Kellerman, lf.....	2	1	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	20	7	5	24	5	3

D. H. S.	AB	R	H	PO	A	E
Cooper, rf.....	3	1	0	0	0	0
Briggs, rf.....	1	0	0	0	0	0
Quinn, lf.....	4	0	0	1	0	0
Hohlefelder, cf.....	4	1	1	3	0	0
Waddington, 1b.....	4	1	1	6	0	0
Griffith, c.....	2	1	1	7	1	0
Richar, 3b.....	3	1	2	0	2	0
Beans, 2b.....	4	0	1	2	4	0
Rufe, ss.....	3	0	0	2	0	0
Myers, p.....	3	0	0	0	0	0
J. Neff, p.....	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.....	31	5	6	20	7	0

D. H. S..... 4 0 0 0 1 0 0—5

N. F. S..... 0 0 0 1 0 0 6 x—7



JOSEPH LIEBERNICK, '29

EDITORIAL

FOUNDER'S Day always has been and always will be a momentous occasion. It is a day in which we all pause to pay fitting homage to the man who conceived this wonderful institution and who founded it on such high and lofty ideals.

As we all know, Dr. Krauskopf started this institution in a very small way. Yet, today it stands second to none of its kind in the country—a noble monument to a great man.

Such growth has not been accomplished unaided. Philanthropists and well-wishers have rendered immeasurable assistance. It is men like "Abe" Erlanger, President Allman, Harry Hirsch, Chairman of the Board of Trustees, and many others who have given so generously and unstintingly of their time and money, that have brought about such vast changes for the better.

However, we must not overlook our alumni. They are products of this institution. As such, they gauge the efficiency or inefficiency of the school, and act as criterions of its success or failure.

Fortunately, we can point with pride to our graduates. Are not the vast majority of them comfortably situated? Is it not significant that most of them are connected with agriculture in some way or other? And has not the Alumni Association donated to the school an athletic field comparable to the best in the country?

Yes, indeed, our alumni are undoubtedly a credit to the school. Their conduct in the past has been irreproachable and we fervently hope that they will continue in such a manner as to bring nearer realization Dr. Krauskopf's great dream of a National Farm School in the true sense of the word.

J. L., '29.





THOSE WHO CARRY ON

When Dr. Krauskopf, in 1897, first materialized as a nucleus his vision of Farm School, he was able to gain supporters toward his cause. It seems that his magnetic personality imbued his friends with the spirit of cooperation and generosity.

Today we see the same spirit, still influenced by the same man. Thus we have the donation of our band instruments; the construction of our Alumni Field; the annual offer of prizes for scholarships and athletic ability; all for the further materialization of the vision.

Most of the people connected with the school are those who have known our Founder. It is really his work still progressing through—Those Who Carry On.

H. W., '29.

MR. WING

We're extremely sorry to see Mr. Raymond Eric Wing leave our midst. After a year and a half devoted to the dairy, with correspondingly wonderful production and herd improvement, he leaves us to take up duties as a county agent in Connecticut.

While here Mr. Wing has been one of the most popular men on the faculty. At all times he has been found ready to encourage and aid those interested in Dairying.

His service here acts as another rung in his ladder of success, and we sincerely wish him the best of luck.

THE BAND

This is Station NFS broadcasting. We are about to transmit a football game between the National Farm School and Ursinus Fresh from the National Farm School Alumni Field. The stands are crowded with rooters of both teams and every one is preparing for the fray. The collegians are running through signal practice awaiting the presence of their opponents.

Just a minute folks—I can't hear myself think—it's the noise—that noise is the Farm School team led by their Green and Gold Band. In just a second I'll turn the "mic" to the field so you can hear the music—.

The first half has just ended with Farm School in the lead. While we're waiting I ought to tell you that the strains of music you heard during the first and second quarters came from the Green and Gold band. This group as coached by Lt. Frankel, who is one of the country's foremost band leaders. The instruments were donated by Charles Kline, of Allentown, in the hopes of some day seeing the band winning half the game for N. F. S.

D. DALLAS RUCH, '29.

Class and Clubs

The day was hot and sultry, so I went to the woods, there in the shade to wonder why no one came across with the club notes. Every one I saw had an alibi. It seemed miraculous that in only twenty-four short hours so many activities could be engaged in without even a thought to "ye editor" and his worries.

Suddenly I spied Grisdale—also skipping industrials. "Where's the mutt yelps," I roared. "Don't get excited," he solicitously advised, so we sat down to talk it over.

"In the first place," he said, "outside the fact that we broke fairly even in the wrestling and boxing matches with the Juniors, and are already planning our Football Banquet, there's nothing new I might mention. By the way, although Hogue, '29, is our coach, we're out to get the baseball victory. You see, what I've just said won't be enough for a write-up even if I do mention that Mr. Fleming is our faculty adviser!"

By this time I was crying with him in sympathy and I sniffed "That's all right my boy, take another month or so."

My talk with Grisdale had put me in a pensive frame of mind, so I ambled to the poultry to cackle the blues away. There I was greeted by Marcus who showed me the construction work of the Poultry Club. What interested me was the fact that the club members are divided into three groups, each of which has built its own broody coop which contains a setting of high-grade fertile eggs chuckled over by a broody hen. "The chicks," explained Marcus, "will be cared for in the most sanitary and scientific manner. Records will be made of the life history of each bird and will be compared with those of artificially hatched birds." As I turned to leave he said, "Watch for our

regularly reported notes on the Poultry bulletin board at Lasker Hall."

I turned my footsteps towards the railroad but stopped short in my tracks at the voices I heard ahead. Now I'm not much given to eavesdropping, but when an editor is desperate and overhears the word "Council" after having bitten his finger nails down to a sliver in vexation at the secretary, he shouldn't feel any qualms of conscience at what I did. I crept nearer until I could plainly see Fidelgoltz and Rosenzweig waiting for Mr. Purmell and Mr. Wing. "What gets me," Stanley was twanging, "is that the Senate, although the most important organization in the school, is the least supported. At each decision we get the razz—and why, I ask you? For nothing. We ask the student body to submit petitions, complaints and ideas, and what do we get? Nothing but class-distinction cases. Now that's pretty good, too, but I wish those guys would realize we are the mouthpiece to the faculty."

"Honest, I'm sobbing with indignant vexation," sympathized Rosy, "but let me tell you—the Council is going ahead so fast—say, listen—we're having a checker tournament, a student body roast, dances,—we're supervising the Dramatic Society, and by the way, that club at the last dance put on a Julius Caesar act that could make Brutus feel prond for having killed Jule. We've conducted the boxing and wrestling inter-class matches and we've still got lots to do."

At this point I could restrain no longer, and with open arms I rushed in exclaiming, "My boys!" "My God", doled Rosy, but I forgave him and told him to give me a write-up before we got our Post-Graduate clothes.

By this time I felt hungry so I went to Lasker Hall. There Duke tried to argue with me as to which was better—No. 1's cows or the Greenhouse's flowers, but Liebernick cut it short by mentioning that the Horticulture saps took the cake. Incidentally I learned that the officers of the Horticulture ship were Lipson as Navigator with Bing Myers swabbing the decks as assistant. Liebernick himself took care of the log-book while Hoguet shanghaied the sailors and took the money. "Besides showing movies of topics of Horticultural interest," said John, "we've had quite a few speakers and we've started to plan trips for the summer."

"Hey, Dutch," I yelled over to the next table, "let's have your sugar—and sa-ay got that varsity write-up yet?"

"Yea, here it is," guzzled Jung between mouthfuls of sauerkraut.

I took the report and observed new officers, eh?—President, Fidelgotlz; Vice-president, Hoguet; Secretary, Jung; Treasurer, Rand. Pretty good write-up, except a little too short. "Thanks Jung, have some beer?" I asked. "No thanks," he replied.

I was just about to grub a cigarette from Maurice Miller when the ever-punctual Seipp tapped me gently on the shoulder. "Here's the Junior class notes," he said quietly. "Thanks," I whispered, "why the secret?" But when I read the report I saw it all for there at the bottom was written that the class had agreed not to haze any more. I immediately recalled the night of May 5th but said nothing; I would keep his secret. The plans are under way for the Junior Prom by a committee of nine men. The pennants have arrived and are really pretty with their design of a shield and seal with N. F. S. and 1930 in Old English type.

I struggled through an afternoon of sweltering misery and then decided to

attend the senior minstrel practice. There I found Kisseleff trying to get the atmosphere for the class write-up. "You know, Harry," he exclaimed, "we've got our numerals for class games," and then waited for stage effect. I fainted obligingly and when I came to he told me that the minstrel show is fine and will be presented either at the Strand Theatre at Doylestown or at the Keneseth Israel Temple at Philadelphia, during July or August.

I went to bed and there had dreams—pleasant dreams. My favorite one was that in which I lay back on my bed with an eye dropper dropping lemonade down my pleased throat and every secretary of all organizations surrounding my bed gasping for thirst.

H. W., '29.

MOLLIE EDGEWATER MARIE

She doesn't dance
 She doesn't sing.
 And goofs in pants
 Don't mean a thing.
 She doesn't swear,
 She never flirts,
 She doesn't wear
 Those shortened skirts.

She doesn't like
 A shady joke;
 She doesn't hike,
 She doesn't smoke.
 She doesn't use
 Those beauty salves
 But won't refuse
 To show her calves.
 She's the kind
 That knows her chow,
 She's not a girl,
 She's just a cow.

PHILIP POLLACHEK.

Kick Harder's Ruse or the Phantom Mystery

H. W. '29

KICK HARDER sat in his sumptuous den calmly interested in the "Privacy of Helen of Troy". Suddenly his door flew open and in rushed his famous assistant, Balksure.

"Did you hear,"—he began when Kick composedly lifted up one hand and said—"Not another word—I deduced this murder hours ago—you must learn to coordinate the working of the brain with the sequence of external events. Let us in the meanwhile hurry to the scene of the crime."

Stepping behind a broomstick, he unscrewed a false leg, donned an imitation eye, and emerged as a young man of 83.

Suddenly he discovered he had been robbed of his watch, but by picking his assistant's pocket he recovered it. He then struck Balksure on his sunburnt appendix and started to the scene of the crime.

When the great detective arrived there a great crowd had already gathered. Kick pointed out to his faithful Balky a young man in a yellow derby selling celluloid cigarette lighters. "Keep your eyes on him," he cautioned, "he is a dangerous character."

Then elbowing his way through the crowd, Kick inconspicuously jimmied open the front door with a tool he always carried under his toe nails for just such a purpose and entered the house.

Here he was met by an imposing man with a blue-black moustache.

"Kick Harder, the greatest criminologist in the world," he inquired.

"Correct," answered the detective, "and you, I presume, are Sergeant McGinsberg of the police department."

"How did you know?"—began the man.

"I deduced that," explained Kick, "meanwhile lead me to the dead man."

But when they reached the ante-room they discovered that the body had mysteriously disappeared.

Pandemonium immediately broke loose, but Kick Harder sensing danger, swallowed two pieces of garlic: "Nothing like being strong in your convictions," he remarked.

He then proceeded to scrutinize everyone present without seeming to be inquisitive. After searching his beard for concealed weapons he walked pensively to the window, placing his hands in his mouth as if in deep concentration. It was in reality a signal for his assistant, Balksure, whom he knew had shadowed his man and was waiting for further orders.

He then returned and lifting up a spoon from the table disclosed a small stiletto.

"Gentlemen," he announced, "the mystery is solved, my assistant already suspects the murderer. In fact, there was no murder done."

A gasp of incredulity arose from the throng, getting Kick sore. But he ate a piece of halvah and immediately calmed down. "Let me explain," he said.

"It was all a mere hallucination of the optic nerves leading to the brain. My physician will tell you that. The pistol, the shot, the evidence, everything, it was all imagination. As for the dead man you all thought had disappeared—" he paused to note the dramatic effect, and then tearing off his false whiskers and wig he

(Continued on page 30)

Campus Chatter

Due to the sudden conversion of the dormitories into conservatories, much studying is being accomplished in music, and the non-musical clique has decided to evacuate (or other expressions of the like).

* * * * *

THE GLEANER would like to thank Cohen, '31, Petkov, '30, Pollachek, '29, Kogan, '30, and Moser, '30, for their contributions towards this issue. At last the student body seems to become "Gleanerly" interested.

* * * * *

The Appendix Club at the Jewish Hospital has opened the season with the initiation of Michaels, '31, into its fold. He is now convalescing, while Kaplan, '30, is still fresh from his vacation there. We hope by the time this goes to press Tankenbaum will have fully recovered from his attack of tonsillitis.

* * * * *

Miss Emily Goodling has joined the common herd and is now recuperating from her appendicitis operation. We wish her a speedy recovery to full health.

* * * * *

Congrats Dutch—In your infant prodigy we see the features of a future tractor wizard.

* * * * *

We wish to extend our best wishes to Rand, '29, for a quick recovery from an injury to his arm.

* * * * *

Toland, '29, left the track of tractoring for the tribulations of the main barn. He's back again now, due to a wrenching turn of affairs.

* * * * *

CHAPELS

On April 13th, Dr. Kaufman, a tuberculosis specialist and faculty member of the University of Pennsylvania, spoke to us on the control of T. B. He gave us some very valuable information in regards to the physical recognition of people suffering from the disease.

* * *

An interesting and rather amusing chapel service was conducted on April 20th by Dr. Fernberg of the University of Pennsylvania. He demonstrated the psychological effect of the cardinal virtue, Obedience, in such a manner as to impress itself upon the mind of a particular student of this school.

While waiting for the speaker of April 27th chapel service, the student body was given the pleasure of listening to Plotkin, '31, who sang some very pretty Hebrew Hymns. He was followed by Dr. Shomberg of the Graduate School of Medicine at the U. of P. His topic dealt with the value of observation. He cited the cases of Edward Jenner and Louis Pasteur as great scientists who attribute all their fame to their powers of observation.

* * *

Mr. Purmell—"Do you sleep by daylight saving or standard time?"

Lipson—"Oh, I sleep best on school time."

The Story of My Life

HARRY E. ROGIN, '29

I WAS one day old when I first saw the light of day. One incident impressed itself upon my young mind. My father, being addicted to tobacco-chewing, had left a quid on the table. I eyed it enviously and in my greediness crept unnoticed from the admiring gaze of the people gathered to see me, and pouncing upon it, placed it in my mouth. That settled it. My father immediately exclaimed, "I'm telling you, that kid'll be nothing better'n a hick."

When I was three years old I already had ingrown toe nails. Ah, well do I remember how my mother planned for my future. At first I was to become an orthopedic doctor, for otherwise my toe nails would never be cured. But when my father got a steady job at Ginsberg's Emporium, it was decided I was to be a wholesaler in cloaks and suits. It seems that about this time I probably broke a tooth trying to pronounce papa's Jewish name. Then all plans were immediately changed and I was to become a dentist. To all this I listened dumbfoundedly. To me it meant nothing at all. Then papa dropped a bowl of soup on his new suit and I how'd with glee.

In my twelfth year of life I was in the third grade in school. My father would wait for my home-coming at "Report-card" time, the end of each month. And then,—the ever-dreaded lecture.

"What does this mark mean, Ha?" was the inevitable question. "How long do you intend to go to school? Already a beard is beginning to grow and yet you bring home the same report-card."

It didn't matter to me very much. It was always the same thing over and

over again. I could almost say it backwards.

"Did your father or your father's father ever get this kind of a report?" he would storm.

A brilliant idea came to me, which was probably beginner's luck; "Pop, did you ever go to school?" I queried.

"Shut up," he snapped back, "and mind your own business."

One morning I was seventeen years of age and had finally graduated from school, thanks to the kind effort of my fourteen-year-old friend on the right. That evening my father asked me what I had decided to do. I proudly pulled out a "circular of information".

"Pop, I'm going to try for a scholarship."

"A scholarship?" he fairly shrieked.

"Yep, I'm going to be a farmer."

This was too much for him at one time. "Mauris, not in de had," my mother yelled.

Finally, when things cooled down, I started my argument again.

This time it was my father's turn to sit dumbfoundedly. To him it meant nothing at all. A farmer—the least thing he had hoped for.

"And also," I continued, "It says here they have an etiquette table."

* * *

In this little room I sit

'Midst Farm School storm and strife
And scratch my head and knit

This story of my life.

Rickert—"Why does an Indian wear feathers on his head?"

Petkov—"Why, I guess to keep his wigwarm."

EXCHANGE

(Continued from page 12)

Congratulations, your magazine is cleverly edited. Your "Cheer Leader" and "Social Activities" are very appropriate. To afford "food for thought" we would suggest a few editorials.

The Index, The Haverford School, Haverford, Pa.

Your school is lavishly endowed with geni in the diplomatic art of story writing. Your few editorials are original and assertive. I think you have enough good poets to warrant a poetry department. I would also suggest more school notes. *The Torch*, Doylestown High School, Doylestown, Pa.

How do you do, neighbor? Your issue is well balanced and cleverly arranged. Your poets' corner and editorials are well presented. I would like to see a larger humor department.

Mother (entering room)—"Why, Mabel, get right off that young man's knee."

Mable—"Not a chance, mother, I got here first."

What did your wife say when you got home last night?

She never said a word. But I was going to have those two front teeth pulled anyway.

Lady—"Why you naughty boy. I never heard such language since the day I was born."

Small Boy—"Yes mum; I s'pose dere wuz a good deal of cussin' de day you wuz born."

Young Wife (reading her new movie scenario)—"Two burglars here enter the living hall and the clock strikes one."

Bored Husband—"Which one?"

Ancient Mariner—"Once I was lost at sea, we were shipwrecked and our food was gone, we were facing starvation—"

Sweet young thing—"Oh! how terrible."

A. M.—"Then the boat turned turtle and we lived on that for a week."

Goldstein—"Have you heard the latest?"

Bill Feldman—"What's 'at?"

Harris—"Why in Iceland they can't hang a man with a wooden leg."

Bill—"No, what do they do then?"

Harris—"Why they just hang him with a rope."

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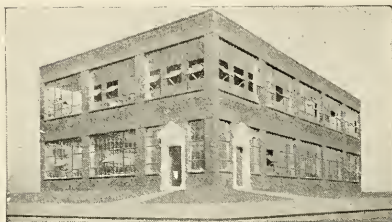
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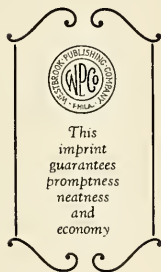


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AGRICULTURE

(Continued from page 15)

APIARY

The Apiary at present consists of 95 colonies of bees. The Spring work in general consisted of planting a wind break in front of the colonies. The entire Apiary was surrounded with Pussy Willows.

A prosperous season is foreseen for the year as the hives are already filling up with honey.

FLORICULTURE

The Greenhouse squad is getting ready 7000 Geranium plants for Memorial Day, 10,000 Carnation plants are ready for setting out; 3000 Chrysanthemum cuttings have been transplanted to outside beds. Operations have begun on the flower beds alongside the Ullman Hall walk. Cannas of two varieties and several other plants will comprise the beds.

LANDSCAPE

A few thousand Arborvæte and Retna-sporea cuttings were purchased for the nursery. New cold frames are being erected to accommodate a variety of rock garden perennials. With the coming of Spring the necessary lawn operations were resumed and the Rock Garden replanted with a larger variety of flowers.

ODE TO WOMEN

When a wild and pop-eyed driver
Shoots his auto down the street;
He makes the public step faster
On light and rumble feet.
He makes the bravest tremble,
He makes the boldest quail,
But they say "the female driver
Is more deadly than the male."

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KICK HARDER'S RUSE OR THE PHANTOM MYSTERY

(Continued from page 24)

turned, smiling to the gasping crowd,
"It was I!"

Yawning nonchalantly he explained,
"It is merely my method of deduction."

Lowering himself down from the win-
dow with a block and tackle he went
home happy in having completed a good
day's work.

EDITOR'S NOTE: In No. 333 of this
series we will mercilessly give an account
of Kick Harder in his further adventures
in Criminology.

Hoguet—"Why didn't you stop
Zwaff's punches?"

Puro—"I did! Not one came past me."

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is how the static knows we're to have
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Sports

BOXING TOURNAMENT

Coach Catherwood's Junior "Wallop-ing Wizards" handed a lacing to the Freshmen on Sunday, April 29th, in the annual inter-class boxing tournament. Two of the bouts ended in knockout victories for the Juniors. Charley Price, of Swarthmore, was referee; Coach Samuels and Mr. Wing of our own faculty were the Judges.

118 Lb. Class:

Junior Smith defeated Freshman Schwerin—3 rounds.

125 Lb. Class.

Junior Meltzer knocked out Freshman Trupp—2nd round.

135 Lb. Class:

Junior Selkowitz defeated Freshman Shindelman—3 rounds.

Freshman Zeider defeated Junior Ozlek—4 rounds. (Draw at end of 3rd round.)

150 Lb. Class:

Junior Zwaff knocked out Freshman Puro—6 rounds.

160 Lb. Class:

Freshman Kleinman defeated Junior Wattman—3 rounds.

Heavyweight

Freshman Rosengard defeated Junior Gysling—4 rounds. (Draw at the end of the 3rd round.)

Campus News

TENNIS CLUB

This infant organization is arousing the admiration and interest of the student body. Through its efforts and finances a tennis team has been selected and is quietly practicing for its games.

More and better courts are now at the disposal of the club members. The officers are:

Maurice Lipson—*President.*

William Fisher—*Vice-President.*

John Hock—*Secretary and Treasurer.*

All players are urged to join not only for the individual pleasure derived, but also for the boosting of tennis as one of our school sports.

Join the Tennis Club.

JOHN HOCK, *Secretary.*

INSPECTION OF FARMS

On May 10, several members of the Board and officers of the Jewish Federation of Charities of Philadelphia visited the school. After a tour of inspection of the farms they had dinner with us, during which Justin Allman, President of the Federation Rosenzweig, '29, and others delivered brief addresses.

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Scene—Dorms.

Sounds of hard studying issuing from every room. Suddenly a loud bellowing bursts forth from a remote corner. Scared ejaculations and worse are uttered among tired room-mates. A voice sings out in a relieved tone that it is only Zwaff and his Sousaphone. The voice continues denouncing the erring Zwaff and all his ancestors with increasing volubility until somewhat out of breath, then announces that it is study period. Voice is immediately cross-examined as to where abouts of his badge, and his name (Burns) etc., by a dozen or more studious persons. Blatant tones increase until everyone is imitating the sound of different animals in a different Zoo. The Farmers' Band is under way—the voice in despair pulls out an Alto and joins the gang.

Strange that you fell nine stories and went through the pavement. It's a wonder you didn't get killed?

Well, you see, that concrete pavement broke my fall.

Duke—"How about the quarter you owe me, Mac?"

Rogin (Hard of hearing)—(Blissful Silence)—Curtain ten minutes later.

Miller—"Here's the two bits I owe you—How's your ears?"

Rogin—"Fine old boy—I'm hearing much better now."

Fresh—"What's the matter with that calf? It doesn't seem to be able to find the teat."

Fresher—"She's probably used to higher udders."

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